

OUR DUMB Animals



LISTENING TO THEIR MASTER'S VOICE

Photo by John Burns



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Mustang Murder

ON pages 10 and 11 of this issue we print a number of photographs we have just obtained and a story which most of our readers will find pretty horrible, and yet it is a situation that must be understood by as many people as possible because it cries out for humane action by the federal government.

Out in Nevada, and in other western states, wild horses still roam through the magnificent scenery of those states. The ancestors of these beautiful mustangs were brought to this continent by the Spaniards, and their descendents stay within their own chosen domain, especially in Nevada, pitting their strength against other wildlife which uses Nevada as a home.

However, their strength and intelligence is no match for the well-equipped mustang killers who hunt them from airplanes, shooting them full of buckshot to slow them down but being careful not to kill them, and who finally rope them from speeding trucks with lassoes to which heavy tires have been attached. The terrified animals drag the tires until they are exhausted and they are then brutally loaded on trucks and hauled to the slaughterhouses.

It is estimated that more than 100,000 mustangs were captured in Nevada alone in the eight years that followed the end of World War II.

If this atrocious cruelty is not soon stopped, the mustangs will be wiped out. This must not happen. Fortunately, the wild horses are not without friends. One of the most vigorous and fearless fighters for reform and humane action is Mrs. Velma B. Johnston, P. O. Box 626, Reno, Nevada.

At her request, Nevada Congressman Walter S. Baring introduced H. R. 12477 in Congress this year. This bill provided that using aircraft or motor vehicles to hunt wild horses would henceforth be unlawful. Unfortunately, Congress adjourned without taking any action on this important bill, and Congressman Baring has promised Mrs. Johnston that the bill will be reintroduced next year.

Reader's Digest, True Magazine, Nature Magazine and many other fine publications have devoted much space to this ugly problem.

This Society has urged federal legislation for some time, and it could now appear that something positive can be accomplished in 1959. We shall keep our readers informed when the new bill is introduced and then ask them to contact their Congressmen for speedy action.

Let all humanitarians resolve to put an end to mustang murders in 1959. The wild horses deserve a better fate than the ruthless and brutal hunting they still face daily.

E. H. H.

Angel: The Cat That Was Almost Human

By Cecily Anne Brown



Caught in the act, Angel!

THIS is the story of Angel. Not an ordinary cat by any means, but a very beautiful, intelligent cat. Angel was a tiny black ball of fur when she came to us over a year ago, when she was just three weeks old. From the beginning she was smart, learning how to eat at three weeks and housebreaking herself in a matter of one day. She fast learned how to jump over a barrier six times her height which separated her world of the warm kitchen from the rest of the house. From the very start of her life with us she knew that she could get anything she wanted just by sitting on the floor and looking so sad that my husband and I, being softies, just couldn't resist her wants, no matter what it was. As she grew older she began to eat off the table with us for three meals a day and soon she wouldn't accept food anywhere but on the table! She was so immaculately clean that we never bothered to stop this habit, especially since it made her so happy. I know that we made fools of ourselves over Angel, but she was the most grateful cat in the world, forever thanking us for all the privileges that she enjoyed by purring constantly in admiration when she was around us.

When she was hungry she would climb up on the counter in the kitchen and try to get into the cupboard. She loved anything that had a salty taste and her favorite was Soy Sauce. The picture shows how she looked one day when I caught her trying to knock the bottle down onto the counter so that the contents would spill, giving her the treat she wanted. The expression on her face is like that of a little boy who has just been caught stealing from the cookie jar.

I shall never feel kindly toward the person who so thoughtlessly ran over Angel, because of careless speeding, but somehow I console myself with the fact that she had a good, healthy, happy life although it was so short. While she was with us she never knew what it was to be treated cruelly because her life was made up entirely of love and kindness, good food and health. I really think that the good life she led was what made such a beautiful cat out of an ordinary cat. We tried to love and treat her as a human and she certainly responded as a human.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Charcoal

By Mary K. Barron

ON a Saturday afternoon in January, the assistant manager of the super market was told that a large carton containing a living creature of unknown species had been left in one of the store aisles.

Investigating, the man found the carton and speedily removed it to the back room to examine its contents. Cautiously, he lifted a corner of the lid and discovered a king-sized rabbit. Quickly, he retied the lid and punched air holes in the carton. When, at closing time, no one had reclaimed the rabbit, the man decided to take him home for the week-end.

Now, this man had a family, his wife, three sons, a dog and a cat. He wasn't sure of the reaction the rabbit would cause with the dog and cat. He explained the situation to his wife and it was decided to put the cat out, and send the three boys and the dog in to watch TV before bringing the rabbit in.

Finally, with the coast clear the carton was brought in and opened. Exposed, the rabbit proved to be a beautiful animal with salt and pepper fur, a well-fed look and as mentioned before, of king-sized proportions.

He was very friendly and was soon eating lettuce leaves from the hand of the man. The children were allowed to see and pet him and finally the dog was brought in.

The rabbit, who'd already acquired the name of Charcoal (no one knows who named him) took one look at the dog and started spitting exactly as a cat would in a like situation.

The poor dog was deeply hurt at being so misjudged, and his "hang-dog" manner must have reassured Charcoal for soon he was over sniffing the dog and being sniffed himself.

Meanwhile, the cat was letting it be known that she didn't like being left out in the cold, and it was decided to again clear the kitchen of all but Charcoal, the man and his wife.

With many misgivings and no idea of what would happen when these traditional foes met, the cat was let in and the man and woman stood ready although they'd



He had a well-fed look and was of king-sized proportions.

no idea of what they were going to do.

The cat took one look at Charcoal and every hair on her back came to rigid attention. But Charcoal must have had a cat friend in his former home for he fairly flew to the enraged cat, and before she could muster her anger to strike, Charcoal was rubbing noses with her. The cat was flabbergasted. This was no way for a rabbit to act, but how could she fight with such a friendly creature.

Later, the cat decided she was getting tired of a rabbit who wanted to cuddle against her constantly, and begged to be

let out into the cold.

Now, the wife discovered that she was second in Charcoal's affections for he refused to stay in the kitchen and insisted upon sitting in her lap. As he was a well-trained rabbit, this was permitted.

It was hard to believe that such an affectionate fellow had been abandoned (this proved to be a fact), but Charcoal showed no signs of missing his former home. He accepted his new family and settled right into his new life and home just as though he'd finally arrived at Rabbit Heaven.

Three Cats in My Coat

By John F. Gray

WHEN our fur children were kittens we kept them together in a small wooden box. Inside of this was one of my old overcoats which kept them warm and comfortable and to which they became very attached. As they grew from their kittenhood we would place the coat in that part of the house where we desired the cats to be. They had become so accustomed to sleeping and lolling on it that they were never happy unless it were kept in a place where they could conveniently find it.

For many years they could not be separated from this coat until it became so tattered and torn that it was necessary ultimately to throw it away. It was a sad day for the cats. They lost all their spirit and play, sulked around the house, and found odd corners here and there in which to dwindle away in sadness.

Something had to be done. So we bought them a lovely cushion-lined cat box in which they might sleep and loll about. Each crept over to it cautiously, walked around it, sniffed, and then walked away. They did not like the lovely present we had bought them. But we thought that with time they would become accustomed to it and enjoy it even more than the old coat. But we were wrong and finally gave it away to a friend whose cat loved it.

We did not know what to do with our problem fur children until one evening on my return home from work I carelessly left my overcoat on the rocking chair. A short time later my wife whispered for me to come quietly with her. She led me to the rocking chair where I found our sweet fur children happily resting on my coat.

Mornings now, I dust my coat before going to work. The cats follow me to the door and mew their goodbyes. And then when I return in the evening they greet me and take possession of my coat. Now we have three happy cats again.



Now we have three happy cats again.

Fancy Was the Name

By Pauline L. Jensen

FANCY was all and more than her name implied. She was a Kerry Blue with a pedigree a paragraph long, and the bearing of one born to the manor. In addition, she had the temperament usually associated with royalty itself.

It was that temperament that brought her briefly into our lives one rainy October evening. Jim opened the door for a last minute survey of the weather, and with all of the aplomb and dignity of a queen, in walked Fancy. She looked around the room a bit condescendingly, and then with the unerring taste of one who likes the better things of life, she repaired to the loveseat where she draped herself fetchingly across its golden velvet background.

"What do you know," Jim muttered. "A regular princess, right out of the night." Fancy flicked her tail appreciatively. There was no doubt but that she recognized praise, and also that she was accustomed to it. "She must own someone," Jim continued, and reached for her name tag, attached to her collar. It read this way: "My name is Fancy. I belong to Dr. L. M. Beals, 2712 Woodlawn Avenue." 2712 Woodlawn Avenue was a good five miles away. Fancy, apparently, had done some traveling. Jim glanced at the clock and noted that it was not too late to inform the man that his Kerry Blue was safe.

The maid answered the ring of the telephone. Dr. Beals was not at home, she informed Jim, and then to his questioning she replied that they did have a dog named Fancy, who had, earlier in the evening, departed in a huff, which was not unusual for her. The doctor and his wife, she went on to say, had gone to their lake cottage, but were unable to take Fancy along, since they were going to a party later on. Fancy, obviously unhappy at being left behind, had decided to search out her own amusement.

"Just call the Blue and White Taxicab Company," the maid continued. The doctor has a standing charge account there, and they are accustomed to picking Fancy up and bringing her back home. She loves to ride in taxis." Chuckling, Jim replaced the telephone on its cradle.

Fancy, tiring of the loveseat, had set forth on a tour of the house and had jubilantly discovered a bowl half full of cat food, which our own cats had left. In a gulp she disposed of it, then placed herself squarely before the refrigerator, barking a request for more. "She probably wouldn't eat it at home," Jim said, "but when one is slumming, anything goes."

Suddenly the doorbell rang, and Fancy raced to the living room. "Taxi," the cab driver called cheerfully as Jim opened the door. Jim nodded in the direction of our charge, who suddenly had become a bundle of quivering anticipation. "You! Again!" The driver sighed, and then to us, "She's one of my best customers."

Fancy raced ahead of him to the taxi, and when he opened the door, she leaped upon the back seat, and settled down as regally as a queen. The driver slammed the door and Fancy turned an impish grin on us. "Goodbye, Princess," Jim said softly, but Fancy, a blissful look upon her face, stared straight ahead.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Mr. Blue's Blue Monday

By Ina Louez Morris

THERE are times, even in the life of a dog, when it seems that everything and everybody is contriving against him. Such a day, as far as Mr. Blue was concerned, occurred on a certain Monday not long ago.

The day began well enough. From six o'clock to six-thirty, he and his bed-fellows, Sheila, Pumpkin, the cat, and Stinko, the youngest of the three Toms, went for their daily trek to the mailbox. From seven-forty-five to eight he and Sheila dug for gophers.

Up to that hour, the day was no worse or no better than hundreds of days that had gone before, but at nine o'clock, things suddenly took a turn for the worse.

Although he didn't know it, this was his day for his annual check-up and in preparation for his examination, I hauled him to the laundry for a much needed bath. Now, Mr. Blue loves water as long as it is running muddily in an irrigation ditch or standing green and stagnant in a puddle, but clean water, to which soap and a mild disinfectant has been added, is an element that curdles his usually sweet disposition.

Like it or not, he had his bath and after a thorough toweling was confined in the playhouse until time for his appointment. To be bathed and then not allowed to roll in the dust, was another outrage which he resented in long, drawn-out howls behind the closed door.

Next to clean water, Mr. Blue dislikes veterinarians. He hates to be poked and prodded, especially about the ears and mouth, and while he doesn't respond with violence, he doesn't cooperate either. The moment he's lifted to the examination table, he becomes completely boneless and like butter on a hot day, spreads in all directions.

"He's in excellent shape," the vet, perspiring freely, said when he was about finished, "except for this tooth which must come out."

Before I could say, "Which tooth?" the doctor had removed the offending fang with a twist of his thumb and forefinger.

With a grumbling growl, Mr. Blue thereupon declared the examination finished and sliding off the table, headed for the door.

"Watch his diet," the vet called after me. "He's a little overweight."

Back in the car, Mr. Blue settled in a corner and looked down his nose, crushing me with his silence.

"All right," I said, "you've had a tough morning. Snap out of it and I'll buy you some ground beef."

Mr. Blue sniffed the parcel when I got back into the car and his spirits rose perceptibly.

But that just wasn't Mr. Blue's day. On reaching home I found the Marshall twins awaiting me, so the hamburger had to go for sandwiches for our young guests.

"Sorry," I said, when the twins had departed, offering Mr.



"I never want to go through another day like that one!"

Blue a fried egg, "but this is the best I can do."

Turning away, Mr. Blue walked to the refrigerator to woof and roll his eyes each time I passed.

Not wishing to waste the egg, I called in the cats, Pumpkin and Stinko, whereupon, Mr. Blue pounced on the egg and swallowed it at a gulp.

"What a character!" I said, picking up the empty dish.

No sooner had the cats been ousted, than Niky, the parakeet, swooped down and began doing a hornpipe on Blue's back. Up and down, back and forth he went, pulling hair and hippity-hopping from the dog's nose to his tail.

Before I could chase the parakeet to his cage, Mr. Blue, having reached the end of his endurance, snatched up the bird and headed for the kitchen.

"No, Mr. Blue, No!" I shouted, thinking he meant to do away with his tormentor once and for all. "You mustn't hurt the little bird. . . ."

Mr. Blue paid less than no attention. Walking to the door, he nosed it open and stepped outside. For a split second he stood there as though trying to decide what to do next. Then, having made up his mind, he walked to the watering crock, opened his mouth and dropped Niky into it.

Niky doesn't like bath water any more than Mr. Blue does, and for a second or two, he spluttered and scolded and floundered about, trying without success to lift his body with his soggy wings.

"Shame on you!" I said to Mr. Blue as I rescued the water-soaked bird. But if Mr. Blue felt a twinge of conscience, he didn't show it.

WHEN we think of Mother Nature, we think of beauty. Yet in a beauty contest among her creations, some creatures would never stand a chance at winning the crown. For instance, the star-nosed mole, the ant-eater, the wart hog, the mudskipper, the toucan and the frogmouth.

The star-nosed mole gets his name from the circular group of filaments at the end of his nose. These are used as feelers, and give him the appearance of having caught some stray star in passing. His rounded head carries no external ears. He has very minute eyes which, probably, he seldom misses since he spends most of his time underground. His body is long and thick, with heavy front legs. His powerful claws are useful in digging lengthy tunnels in search of earthworms, his principal food.

The great African ant-eater has a slender head and long, down-curving snout. His mouth resembles a cylinder with an opening only at the end. His tongue darts out of this small aperture like a long sticky whip. With it he can completely clean out a nest of ants, tear-

ing apart the cone-shaped hill with strong claws and probing into every tiny niche with flicking tongue. His coat is coarse and long, and his great bush tail covers him like a blanket when he lies down.

For beauty the wart-hog, also of Africa, is at the bottom of the list. He is the nightmare of the pig family. His long, flat, pig-like head displays a pair of small, vindictive eyes with wart-covered bags underneath. His enormous tusks serve to root up food as well as to protect himself from attack. He has a shaggy mane falling over his eyes and extending down his

back which adds to his grotesque and untidy appearance.

The ugly little mudskipper is a mud-dwelling fish found from the coasts of West Africa as far east as Japan. He is only three or four inches long and wears two huge eyes on top of his head. These eyes can work independently of each other, and one may be observing underwater life while the other is sighting topside like a submarine periscope.

The bird kingdom has some queer inhabitants that dress like comedians. The toucan of South America wears a plain black coat with white bib occasionally trimmed in red. This somber garb allows his most outstanding characteristics, beak and eyes, to show to best advantage. The beak looks like nothing so much as a clown's over-sized nose. It is bright orange or yellow, and often eight inches long and three inches deep. Since the toucan himself is only about the size of a crow, this monstrous bill makes him appear ready to lose his balance. His eyes, too, look like those painted on a clown's face. They glare out from a circle of bare skin which usually matches the bright color of his beak.

The Australian frogmouth is sometimes called the world's ugliest bird. Perhaps Mother Nature made him as hideous as possible to protect him from his enemies for, though he belongs to the owl family, he crawls more often than he flies. He has a stubby swollen beak that can gape prodigiously, exactly like a frog.

So, in a beauty contest, these ugly ducklings with stars on noses, enormous eyes, beaks and tusks would have to grant the crown to others. But the things we call their peculiarities are useful in each particular environment and, when that is the case, beauty is a secondary matter.

Mother Nature's Ugly Ducklings

By Agnes M. Pharo



The ant-eater would never win a beauty contest.

Chimney Sue

By Marguerite Church Clarke

ONE morning we were about to start a wood fire. Bob was placing the logs on the grate and had the taper poised in mid-air when I called to be sure and check the flue.

As he bent forward and ran his hand up along the interior wall he said "What's that?" A scratching and rubbing sound greeted his ear. Before I had time to go and see, plop, down on the bare logs came a very frightened, bruised, soot-laden bundle of fur. One eye was badly battered in flight and the soft grey-tinged-with-black fur was grimy and ruffled. I don't know who was more surprised: the little trespasser or ourselves. She seemed so bewildered. We decided to leave her on the logs alone until she became accustomed to her surroundings.

Remembering the shelled pecans on the kitchen table for the nut cake I had promised Bob, he promptly brought in a handful and spread them on the rug in front of the fireplace. After eyeing them for a few moments, and making sure that the rug was safe territory, our little trespasser made her way from the logs and devoured the nuts one by one. She sat on her haunches and stared out of beady, untrusting eyes, first at Bob and then at me.

Bit by bit the little fur ball accepted some milk and our battle was won. The paws were cleansed and antiseptic applied, and although Chimney Sue fought the same as any little girl in like position, the mission was successful and an accomplished one. A swish of her tail knocked over the dish of pecans from the table and sad to say, there was no nut cake that day.

Where Chimney Sue found her energy, we'll never know. After her frightening experience had become just a memory, she became a frisky, happy little house pet. She'd dash across the freshly-waxed linoleum, skidding as she ran, righting herself in a second. She'd hop on the kitchen stool and wait for one of us to throw her a nibble of food. Her favorite resting place was on the chaise lounge

where she'd snuggle down in the afghan and play possum. When our five-year-old would come in sight, Chimney Sue was ready for anything. She would show her pleasure by jumping high on Jill's shoulder and poke her wet little nose down

months before when the scared little bunch of fur had dropped so suddenly from the chimney into our hearts and home. Bob's long arm went up the chimney. He probed, he felt, shook his head; our little Chimney Sue was not



Chimney Sue is about to enjoy a pecan.

in Jill's blouse until the tickle would send the child in roars of ecstasy.

Most lively in the wee morning hours, I'd awaken to find Chimney Sue at the foot of the bed, in an attempt to get under the comforter. I'd find her many the morning cradled in one of Bob's galoshes, or stretched out on the white bearskin rug in Jill's room.

One day Chimney Sue disappeared! We wondered what we would tell Jill. Our thoughts went back to that day six

there. She had gone out of our lives, as quickly as she came.

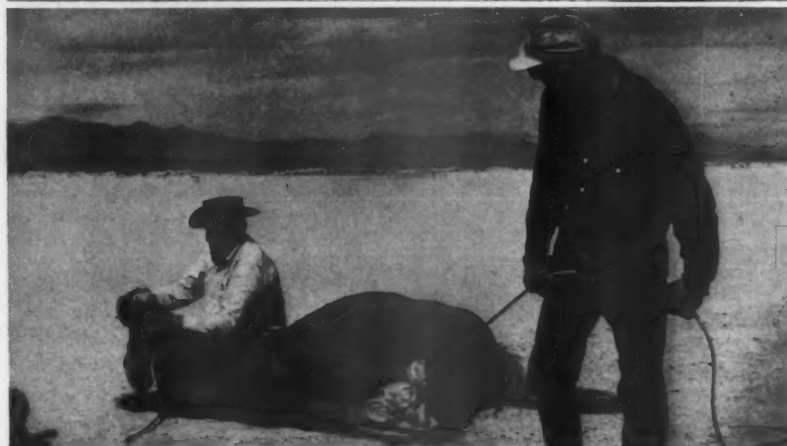
In the morning when we broke the news to Jill, Bob said, "Honey, it's spring. Maybe this is the better way. After all, squirrels were not meant to be house pets, you know. Perhaps Chimney Sue realized this too, and, who knows, maybe she had planned this way of leaving for a long time. Silently, without fanfare, the call of nature had come to Sue as it comes to all living things.



Hopeless battle against man's inhumanity, as mustang rears and plunges in an attempt to free himself.



Re-roped, the mustang fights a second losing battle until he is finally overwhelmed, thrown to the ground and tied.



Mustang



IF it be true that one picture is worth a thousand words, there are on these two pages eight of torture, cruelty, inhumanity, agony and outright murder.

The photographer has caught all of the hunting down by airplane and truck and the wild mustangs of the west, one of the country like the herds of bison, which are protected by federal law.

Since we last publicized these crimes, much has been done, but not nearly enough. Nevadans protested so vigorously these crimes that a group of horsemeat hunters in Arizona and Colorado have taken to the streets. In Utah, any animal not branded as a horse is the property of the counties and the matter for livestock interests to obtain the animals by outright killing or shipping.

It also seems odd that the federal government, which owns much of these lands makes absolutely no provision of wild horses which roam government lands.

These pictures show the stark truth of the waiting men with trucks and airplanes and running down by truck, of the dragging of the helpless creature to the rendering plant.

Only new legislation enacted on the subject can save the mustang—otherwise the voice must be heard in the halls of Congress.

Photographs by C.

ing Murder



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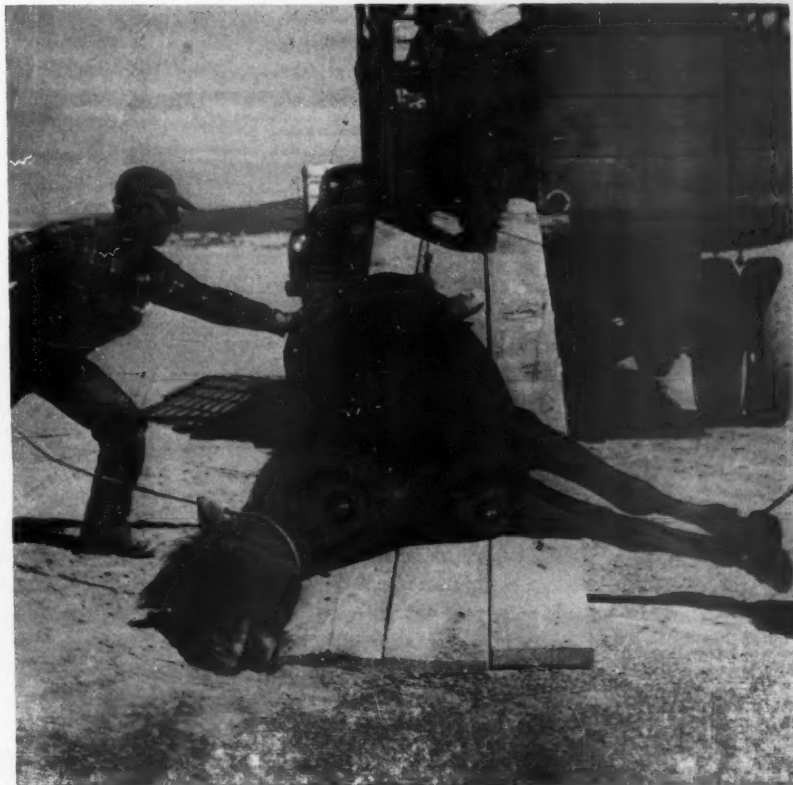
the stark tragedy of one such hunt—of
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 helpless creature into a truck and waterless
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enacted on both state and federal levels
 otherwise they will become extinct. Your
 the halls of Congress.

aphs by GUS BUNDY



*Final defeat, as tire-
 anchored horse, ex-
 hausted and bleeding
 from the nostrils, gives
 up the fight.*



*Dragged into
 truck, these once
 proud beasts begin
 their waterless trip
 to the rendering
 plant and ignomin-
 ious slaughter.*

Plucky

By Geraldine Carlson

THIS is the story of Plucky, a plucky duck. About 250 mallards have settled on the river where I live, making their nests in bayous and along the shore—begging food from the residents, and flapping their way right into our hearts as the most interesting birds we have ever known. They know where a good "hand-out" is, so they do not migrate south in winter, but stay by a large dam where the water is open.

But one little family of nine just never got used to flying, and when the other ducks flew and swam down to the open water, this little group stayed on the ice, way out in the middle of the river. We



Plucky proudly displays his "new" leg.

tried to get bread and corn out to them but weren't too successful. After about a week, they decided to start walking the mile to the open water, going in a single file on the ice down the middle of the river. They were weak and tired, and made quite slow progress. They got about half-way to a small area of open water where a big pipe from a factory empties water into the river. They settled here for a few days and a neighbor fed them every morning.

One Saturday the neighbor called us and said "Somebody stoned the duck family, there is blood on the ice, some were killed and taken away and one is crawling with a broken leg—help!" My dad went down and managed to skid around on the snow-covered bank and the edge of the ice and catch one which he brought home in the car. He then called the local humane society and the manager came right out with a big net. It seemed an impossible job to round up six ducks, but with lots of spills and failure, they got them all except the green-headed drake, with the broken leg. He darted toward the big pipe opening and my dad just managed to grab the end of one wing feather and pull him out. He brought them all home in burlap sacks on the floor of the car and immediately put them in the shower bath so we could look the situation over.

All but the drake were in fairly good shape so we put them in a large pen with our tame Pekin ducks. But when we put the drake on the table and looked at him, there was one orange foot dangling pathetically, his leg badly broken. I made a splint but was afraid I would get it too tight so of course it wasn't adequate. I thought about it Monday at work and at noon called a local veterinarian and asked if he would set a duck's broken leg. He said "Sure, bring him in tonight."

We put the duck in a box and though it was a treacherous night with sleet covered roads, we got him to the veterinarian. The duck didn't seem frightened. He knew we were helping him. He let us put him on his back and with the nurse



First practice swim without a splint.

holding one wing, my dad the other wing and me holding his head, the doctor trimmed the shattered ends of bone, cauterized the deadened flesh and installed a big splint, with an open place so we could medicate it. Areas on the foot had lost their healthy orange color and the doctor wasn't sure we could save the leg. On the drive home we said "We've got to give him a name; what will it be?" Why, he was so brave and plucky, "That's it—Plucky!"

Under doctor's orders, we kept Plucky in a bushel basket with hay for a couple of days, putting medicine on the open wound twice a day. Then he was allowed to go out with the other ducks for a few hours a day, with the splint all wrapped in plastic so it wouldn't get wet. He wasn't afraid and seemed to be content that he was in good hands. He ate well and enjoyed being petted. The splint was soon changed to a shorter one so he could bend his "ankle" and walk on the tip of his orange toes.

The local newspaper photographer came out and took pictures of Plucky's progress: first with the splint, then, after one month, a shot of his first practice swimming without a splint, in the bath tub, and then finally, a real glamorous shot of Plucky showing his "new" leg, how nature built up extra bone and calcium and made it thicker and stronger than before.

Plucky is now the sleekest, the smoothest, the brightest colored and the gentlest of all our wild duck friends. He still lives near our place on the river with his mate and son, Pee Wee, who is a beautiful big mallard now, just like his dad.

Sophia Comes Home

By Kay Jones

SOPHIA the duck has recently joined the ranks of pets who travel miles to return to their former home and master.

Sophia is a red-faced Muscovy. Her waddle of nine long miles is pretty rugged going for short legs and fat body, and would seem to indicate a devotion beyond the call of duty.

This young lady belongs to a family in Los Angeles, California, and was taken to one of the parks and left because they felt it was no longer practical to keep her. Sophia had other ideas! Despite the companionship of others of her kind, she was lonely for the petting of her three small friends.

The family did visit her often. Their last call was on Thanksgiving. But Sophia was no longer there.

A few days ago, a hot and tired Sophia arrived at their home after a two-months cross-town trek.

The family have decided to let her stay!

Help Yourself

The Post Office Department has asked us to cooperate in helping to achieve the most efficient method of delivering your magazines. We have pledged our support. To this end we must include the zone number for each subscriber's address in cities that have zones. **PLEASE, whenever writing to us, include your city postal zone number in your address—and when you move, please send your old address as well as your new one, with zones, if any. This will help us to help you!**



Sometimes the smartest dogs are mongrels.

A Dog We Remember

By Lillian Keahey

CHANCE, our small dog of debatable ancestry, lived with us for almost a year. When our son first brought him home, all wiggles and doe-eyes, he said, "I thought I heard puppies in those new people's garage, so I took a chance and knocked and asked if I might have one. Gee, Mom, can I keep him?" Chance seemed the natural thing to name him.

This pup loved all the family, but he was especially devoted to son. Several times when he got lonely because his young master was at school he sniffed his way there and found him among all the hundreds of youngsters. If he was at his desk, Chance simply went in the school house and found him there. Since it did cause a disturbance during school, we decided to see that Chance came in the house or the back yard early in the morning before school time, and stay. We did that a few times and then one morning Chance wasn't at his usual place on the front porch when I looked for the paper. We called and looked, but no dog. That morning, Chance greeted son on the sidewalk exactly half way to school. We are sure in his "Dog Gone" logic he felt, "See, I've met you half way. Surely you wouldn't send me home now."

After we finally convinced Chance he must not follow our son to school, he took up a new hobby. He met our postman and made the rounds with him every day. The postman, a plump, jovial soul, who liked most dogs, said Chance was a big help. "He makes me feel good just to know I have one devoted follower,"

the man said. "And he has kept my leg from being nipped by unfriendly dogs on several instances because of his savage growl if they dared come near me."

People are always saying that some of the smartest dogs are mongrels and I readily agree, thinking of the time my wages were sadly depleted, and it was several days until pay day. While I sat after work trying to decide the best solution to my problem of how to feed two kids, a dog and myself for a few days, guess who did something about it? Chance. He came racing to our front door and scratched madly to be let in. He stood there, stubby tail wagging fifty miles an hour and a five dollar bill in his mouth! Where did he find it? We were never to know but believe me, that dog got too much attention from all three of us that night.

Finally the time came when the children and myself had to move across several states by bus, so we gave Chance to my brother who lives on a ranch. Recently, he sent a picture showing a well-fed "country squire"-looking dog. Frankly, we shed a tear or two. We know he is well cared for and practically rules the household, but we miss his howling when the kids play one certain record. I miss him following me around when I was worried or upset. If I stopped long enough he always licked my hand and lay at my feet as if to say, "I know I'm not much help but at least I'm loyal to my folks."

The Jealous Collie

By Betty Buchanan

YOU'VE heard of children being envious of a new baby in the family, but did you ever hear of a pet dog becoming jealous of the new baby in his master's house? Well, such is the case in the home of the Reverend Stephen Cook, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Batesville, Arkansas.

Rocky, a collie who strongly resembles Lassie of movie and TV fame, became a member of the Cook household four and a half years ago. And when baby Mary made her appearance only a year and a half ago, Rocky couldn't understand the change that came over his family. Mary became the center of attention and Rocky seemed to have been forgotten.

In an effort to regain his former status and to show his resentment of the intruder, Rocky began pushing, not hurting,

understand, just pushing baby Mary around.

While Mary was still in her baby buggy, friends often dropped by to see her. But Rocky, to keep them from getting too good a look at the baby, crowded in between the friend and the buggy.

Nowadays, as Mary toddles to the back fence to watch the neighbor's chickens, Rocky blocks her way. Mary is just barely able to see over his back and as a result misses a good part of the goings-on in the chicken yard.

Mary often climbs into the swing out under the big elm tree, but before she can get the swing moving, the big dog plants himself right behind her, making any swinging motion impossible.

When Mrs. Cook takes Mary for a walk, Rocky pushes in between them,

and crowds little Mary off the sidewalk.

Mary, playing with a broken egg-shell one day, dropped it and when she squatted down to pick it up, Rocky put his foot on it. Mary pushed and shoved and tried every way she could to make Rocky move, but he remained firm, refusing to let her retrieve her plaything.

At first, Mrs. Cook had thought Rocky was trying to protect the baby, but she soon changed her mind. "He's just plain jealous," she says, "and shows it by preventing Mary from doing things she wants to do."

Many a time she has seen Rocky deliberately swing his rear-end around and knock Mary to the ground. But 18-month-old Mary doesn't show any animosity toward the dog. She gets up and gives him a friendly pat . . . and, more than likely, gets knocked down again.



Rocky looks dejected because Mary is getting all the attention of sisters Joyce and Lucia, and brother Lucas, and he is being ignored.



Dr. Alex R. Evans, Chief of Staff, points out an interesting part of the new operating suite.

New Operating Wing Opened

A NEW wing at our Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield was opened officially on September 17 with a reception attended by about 100 persons.

President Eric H. Hansen gave the welcoming address and expressed his appreciation to those whose donations made

the building possible. Also present were officers of the Society from Boston and directors Stanwood K. Bolton, Edward G. Fischer, William H. Potter, Jr. and William A. Swallow.

Guests were taken on a tour of the new wing, which includes an operating

room, laboratory facilities, preparatory and recovery area, utility room and animal ward. The new addition has been long needed and will assure more complete care for animal patients.

Pet owners in the Springfield area are assured of the best possible care.



Group of officers and directors admire pure-bred bloodhound on operating table.



Dr. Evans explains new light to Directors Edward G. Fischer, Stanwood K. Bolton and William H. Potter, Jr.



YOUNG READER'S

Smoky to the Rescue

By Delia Duncan (12)

SMOKEY, my dog, is a German Shepherd. She was watching as my cousin, Ann Hendon, buried me in some old leaves. She thought something was wrong, I guess, because instantly she began digging me out. I really believe she was trying to save me.

Friskie

By Beverly Ramstrom (Age 13)

FOUR years ago one hot August day my father came home from work carrying a small black and white ball in each hand. Each ball of fur was protesting in its own manner by faintly meowing or feebly clawing. "Oh, boy," I thought, "kittens." My father told me he didn't know whose kittens they were as he had found them abandoned on the railroad tracks and maybe I could keep one. I was overjoyed. My mother was not so sure because she doesn't like cats, especially ones picked up along the tracks or road.

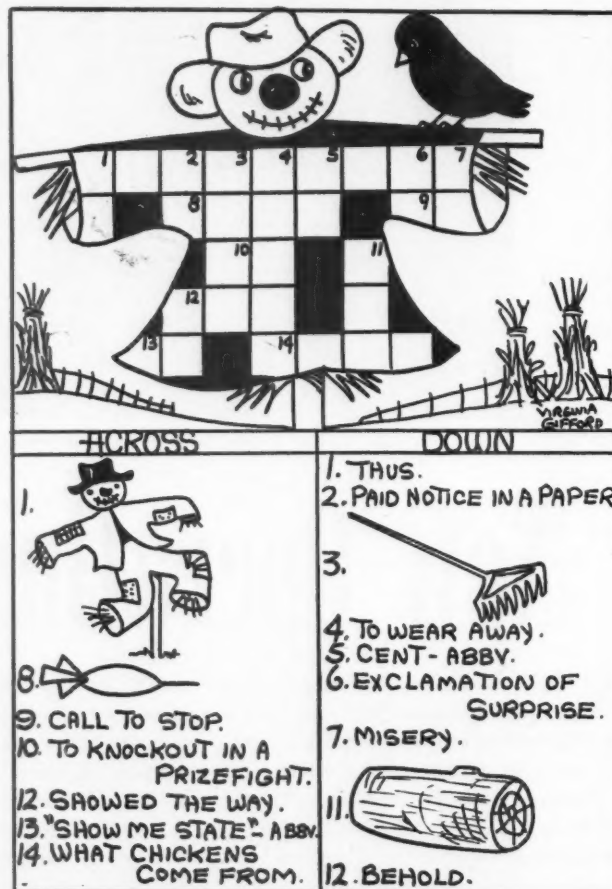
After supper we decided what we would do with these two kittens. I suggested that we keep them a few days and then bring the one I liked the least down to the S.P.C.A. This plan was agreed upon, so the two kittens stayed with us the whole week. It was rather hard to decide which one I would keep but at last I picked out the kitten I wanted.

I chose that kitten because he was tamer than the other. He followed me like a puppy dog and always came when I called him.

I have loved my kitten, now a cat, more each year. I can't



Friskie looks over a pile of leaves.



remember much of what he did the first year. But the second and third years were his and my worst. Friskie was continually out fighting and several times I have almost given him up for dead. He always came home, badly beaten up but living. Then I would be happy until he would be missing several days later.

Friskie also rules the house. He demands immediate attention and wants his food the minute he enters the kitchen. If anyone happens to be sitting in his favorite chair he will walk around and around meowing to himself. If this does not disturb the person he will stand on his hind legs and start clawing them. The best thing to do is to give up the chair without hesitation.

He always wants to sit in my lap when I am loaded down with school books. If I don't let him he is deeply offended and sits with his back to me. After a while he reconsiders and says he's sorry and understands the situation perfectly.

I have loved my cat a great deal and have loved him more each year. I hope he stays with us always.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

PAGES



Pets Are for Loving

By Karlese Zimmer

PETS are for loving. But please when your pet gets hurt so that he or she cannot be helped, don't be selfish! Have your dog or any animal put to sleep. They won't be in pain and even though you're sad, you're happy that your pet will be gratified.

I truly love all animals.

The History of Dogs

By Celestine Brown (Grade 7)

SCIENTISTS believe that dogs have been on earth for millions of years. Some scholars think that the dog originated from two other animals, that are like it in many respects: the wolf and the jackel. They think the first dog that ever lived had a jackel for a mother and a wolf for a father. Other scholars believe that the dog came from the wolf itself. It is not likely we shall ever know the real origin of the dog. One thing we do know, however, is that hundreds of thousands of years ago, man tamed the wild dog and took it to live in his home. In those days the cave was their home. The dog guarded the cave, went hunting with his master, and fought his master's enemies. How do we know this? Our chief proof is that in caves men used in the Stone Age, we have often found bones of men and bones of dogs lying together.

All this was in prehistoric times, the period before written history began. When man began to write about his doings, he frequently mentioned the dog. The Egyptians used a large dog like our greyhound for hunting antelopes. Pictures of this dog, and others, have been found on Egyptian tombs five thousand years old. American Indians painted pictures of their dogs on their pottery centuries ago. The ancient Ethiopians respected dogs so much that once they chose a dog to be their king; they did whatever they thought it meant when it barked. The Greeks and Romans used dogs for hunting and as pets. In the Middle Ages knights kept packs of hounds to hunt the deer and fox. In modern times countless stories have been written about the dog, its usefulness, intelligence, faithfulness, and heroism. Any one who owns a dog always has a lot of similar stories of his own to tell.

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE:
(Across)—1. Scarecrow. 8. Dart. 9. Ho. 10. Ko. 12. Led.
13. Mo. 14. Eggs.
(Down)—1. So. 2. Ad. 3. Rake. 4. Erode. 5. Ct. 6. Oh.
7. Wo. 11. Log. 12. Lo.

My Parakeet

By Dorothy Tobo (English 7th)

*Tweety by name is my little parakeet.
Crackers and seeds he always does eat.
Yellow and green feathers has he,
Whistling and singing, how noisy can he be.
He lets out a big loud wolf call;
He whistles at everybody short and tall.
This parakeet is my only pet,
Another one I soon hope to get.*

The Raccoon

Grade 2

I WENT camping in the summer. I was the first one to see the raccoon. My mother and I fed her cheese and other food all summer. The last day we were there, she brought her three baby raccoons to show us.



Be Kind to your Pets

Grade 3

ONCE there was a family named Mr. and Mrs. King. One day they went on a long vacation and thought Puff (cat) and Muff (dog) would not need any supper for a week. So they let them out, locked the doors and went away. Two days after, Sue the nextdoor neighbor, found Puff and Muff. Sue went into her house and got some milk for Puff. She went to the store and bought dog food for Muff. At the end of the week, the Kings came back. Then Sue took back Puff and Muff. Mrs. King said, "Thank you for taking care of Puff and Muff."

That teaches you that if you have pets, please when you go on a vacation take your pets.

That means being kind to animals.

Lady, Canine Clam-digger!

By Barbara Olsen



"I'm not so stupid. I can dig clams, too."

LADY is not only a well-trained upland game dog but also a local point of pride in her home town for her frivolous antics. Several off-duty firemen were witness a short time ago to a most unusual display when fireman "Hod" Turner and Lady went clamming. It was after a heavy storm when the wind changed, creating an undertow, releasing clams from the ocean bottom. Lady was seen diving right into the waves, catching clams in her mouth and neatly stacking them in little mounds along the shore! After piling up several mounds of these sea clams she tired of her game and began digging near her master in the mud, amassing several piles of clams and carrying them to his basket. When her sport was over she carried her master's clam fork to the car, leaving her delighted audience amazed.

Animals on View

A series about television by John C. Macfarlane

"RUSKIN" once said: "Character-building is our greatest business; no small part of it is done by our treatment of the animals committed to our care." To know and appreciate a little better the animals that share our planet should make us just a little more tolerant, a little more understanding, when we deal with our fellow man.

I have always believed these words are true in every sense. It is with this rule in mind that my small weekly television offerings are prepared. I am not so brash as to say that to know and love animals would stop wars, or rumors of wars, but I do maintain that if we try to raise the education level of the human heart to the education level of the human brain it would help.

Once on "Animal Fair" we talked about the need for gentle hands and greater patience when working with animals. To illustrate the point, we brought some young pigs to the studio. Several days later my phone rang and a man (now my good friend) told me that from this simple program he had learned a valuable lesson, and that so long as he lived he

would never again abuse an animal.

What power possesses the pigeon who can fly a thousand miles over completely unknown land, and arrive at the very entrance to his home? Some of my very young friends find answers to many of their little but important questions, especially when we show animals being born, such as fish, poultry and turtles breaking out of their tiny eggs. A viewer must certainly begin to realize that there is a great and important force guarding and guiding all of us when we talk about the turtle family, and actually see how the newly-hatched babies turn toward the nearest water just as surely as if some hand had guided their steps. I have tried to make folks feel that the good Lord put all living creatures on this earth for a good purpose, and that it behooves all of us to learn how to live with them.

A great and wise Hebrew once said, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

There was a time during my lifetime when I believed that human intellect should control human emotion. Today, I believe the opposite to be true, and some-

where along the line we have lost the balance. The education of the human heart through the medium of television has a potential beyond our wildest dreams. Yet in this field we are so weak. From the human heart there have come great and noble reforms, from the protection of little children (our country's most valuable possession) to the protection by law of our aged and infirm.

Yet even further there must awaken in our hearts a will to fight, to fight on as our ancestors did, for those human and animal rights that divine Providence intended when the care of all living creatures was placed in man's hand. When will men know how to live at peace with one another, and all needless cruelty cease? Perhaps only when out of the hearts of men and women, whose intellect is their servant and not their master, there shall issue forth thoughts that are good and not evil.

If, in some small way, my weekly television programs these past years have helped to bring this philosophy into fruition, then I shall always be grateful for the privilege that has been mine.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

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